Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O farewell honeſt ſouldiers : who hath relieved you?
Fra. Bernardo hath my place : give you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*
Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him.
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
Hora. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?
Bar. I have ſeene nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſayes 'tis but a phantaſie,
And will not let beliefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight twice ſeene of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and ſpeake to it.
Hora. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let us once againe aſſaile your eares
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeene.
Hora. Well, ſit we downe,
And let us heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.
Bar. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame ſtar that's Weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe t'illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghoſt.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off, looke where it comes againe.
Bar. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholar, ſpeake to it *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Bar. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio.*
Hora. What art thou that uſurpſt this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmarke*

Did